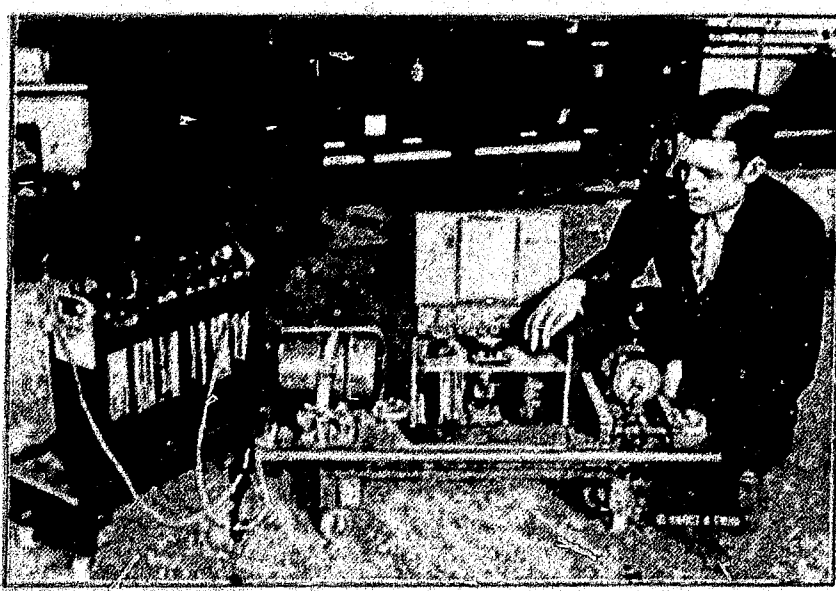






# RADIO



A Portable Radio-Beacon Transmitting Apparatus.

The average listener, while knowing in a general way that the radio compass is one of the most remarkable developments of the age, really doesn't understand exactly what it is or why the United States leads all the world in this up-to-the-minute aid to navigation. This appeared to be the case with several members of the house committee considering the navy appropriation bill, with the result that the following extremely interesting information regarding the use of the radio compass was brought out at a recent hearing:

Representative Hardy of Colorado: Just what is a radio compass station? Commander Glasford, U. S. N.: A radio compass is for the purpose primarily of enemy tracking in war. In peace these stations are used as aids to navigation in furnishing ships at sea their bearings from the station or stations, from which the ship's position may be determined. The apparatus at the radio compass station is so designed as to be able to determine accurately the direction from the station of a radio emission. When a ship at sea, for instance, sends out a radio emission from her own transmitter, the radio compass station can tell the direction of bearing of the ship. In foggy weather it is very comforting to a captain of a ship to know the bearings from any fixed objects on land. Frequently radio compass stations are in groups of three in order that a positive check may be had by a ship on the interpretation of bearings sent to him.

Representative Ames of Kansas: You speak of the ship out at sea steering on the key and then three different stations, revealing the direction from different directions, being able to locate this particular ship?

Commander Glasford: Yes, sir. Mr. Ames: Now that is used in what kind of case, or for what different purposes may it be used?

Commander Glasford: For instance, when a ship is making New York harbor and she has not yet been able to get a sun sight or star sight.

Mr. Ames: In several cases, is that right?

Commander Glasford: An account of that, many weather stations are used and so forth. The use of radio compass stations is to keep up continuously by dead reckoning navigation. As the apparatus is used, by a system of signals constantly received from the station, the ship's position is known. We will say of three radio compass stations at the entrance of the harbor of New York, about 20 miles apart, to give an example. All three compass stations are listening for the signal from the ship and when it is made the station closest to the ship from which it is coming there is a radio station at the station which receives all three of these bearings, giving the necessary information from the other stations by telephone, telegraph or radio.

Does Service Free?

To a very short time ago about 25 stations were used in this matter and then came these three bearings and it became a matter of fact that a ship's position could be determined by a radio compass station.

The bearings are then transmitted to the ship by a radio compass station which gives the bearings and the ship's position is known.

Is the bearing station at the entrance of the harbor of New York, about 20 miles apart, to give an example.

Mr. French: You speak of the ship steering on the key, that is fine. Suppose that ship was out at sea and was not able to get a sun sight or star sight.

Commander Glasford: The system would pay for itself, sir.

Mr. French: But, he doesn't want to be sure.

Commander Glasford: The British charge \$125 a bearing, the French \$100, the Japanese \$100. We have 100 bearings during the last year.

At the British rate, which is the average, this service would be about \$100,000.

Only One Wire Necessary

The use of more than one wire in a radio compass is a serious waste of energy. Most wire stations have to make several miles of wire. With one wire station, the use of one wire is sufficient.

## Community Building

### Employing Idle Land for Public Forests

Two-thirds of the cities in New York state have started, in one form or another, municipal forests, chiefly on city waterheds, and several already have planted more than 1,000 acres. Some of these forests in addition to the young plantations contain mature trees that may be utilized for lumber and wood. In the Albany city forest, which contains more than 600 acres, a considerable portion of the land is covered with mature pitch pine, a recent survey showed \$20,000 worth of lumber for piles besides 2,000 cords of wood.

The conservative commission is receiving inquiries from all parts of the state in reference to the planting of municipal forests by counties, cities, towns, villages and school districts that are considering the use of idle land to grow lumber and wood to meet their local needs. Many cities in Europe have such forests that are more than one hundred years old and are steady sources of revenue. In Switzerland the city of Zurich regularly employs one man for every 33 acres of its forest, and in the winter and times of industrial depression employs more. What Europe has been doing successfully and profitably for two centuries American cities are just beginning to do, and are using for that purpose land not suited to raising agricultural crops, of which there are large areas.

### Make Garage Conform to Style of Home

The majority of the houses that are being built today—at least the better houses of today—are being carefully planned and executed so that when finished they are a credit to the neighborhood. They will always remain so, for they are not built in construction nor structurally ornate with gingerbread work. In other words, they are planned on conservative lines.

However, even yet, we often find a house that is well built, following some certain type of architecture, such as the English cottage, the French chateau or others equally well known, and this house is really a source of pride to the owner and the whole neighborhood, but many of these same houses have garages on the rear of the lot, simple box-like structures without thought as to design. These detract from the general appearance of the property.

The garage should harmonize with the house in physical structure and coloring. It costs practically no more to build a garage after the Dutch colonial style than it does to build an ordinary shed-like garage. The latter may be placed against a garage, adding to its decorative value.

### Landscaping

In building a new home it is of course important that the landscaping be arranged in keeping with the house. Where the house is pretentious the services of a good landscape gardener are desirable. A good landscape man is an artist who knows how to eliminate the unattractive features of your home and how to accentuate its attractiveness by the use of shrubs, trees and vines, not to say anything about proper color and terraces. Even in the case of a smaller and simpler structure, such an outlay proves in every case a good investment.

Yet any number of home builders feel that they cannot afford such an expenditure. That may be true in a number of cases where the home purchaser is straining his resources to meet payments. However, that is no reason why each person should not try to make their homes attractive as those owned by people of greater means.

### Color Scheme Important

We give scant thought to the colors that we paint our homes, to the tint of the body color, to the contrast of the colors of body, trim and roof, and to the relation of the colors to the surroundings, natural and artificial.

We apparently tell the painter that the house is to be white with green shutters, and accept his idea of the shade of green without considering that it may make the difference between charm and mediocrity. The house of forest green may be relieved by inappropriate colors and color may give distinction and charm to a house that in itself is commonplace in the extreme. Detroit News.

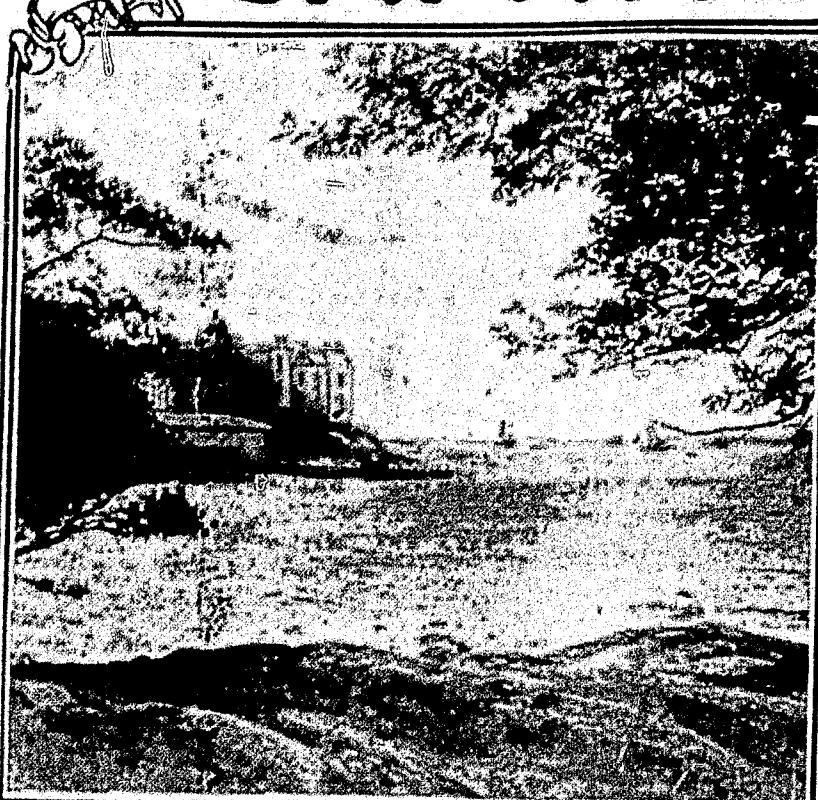
### Home Needs Care

Are you one of those home owners who takes pride in his home and its surroundings and strives at all times to keep it at its highest efficiency and attractiveness? If you are you are who has the mistaken idea that your home will take care of itself without any effort on your part? If you are one of the latter, you are likely to find that your home-keeping experience is not going to be as profitable as it is satisfying as you have every right to expect. Chicago Evening Post.

### Highway Signs Illegal

California lawmakers have passed an act prohibiting the erection of signs and billboards along highways. Exception is made for legal and directional signs.

# FINLAND'S CAPITAL



The Harbor of Helsinki in Summer.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

HELSINKI, FINLAND, most northern of the world's big city capitals, is enjoying now sunlight throughout the greater part of the 24 hours. But to earn this glorious food of summer sunshine, the city's 200,000 inhabitants must pass a long and dreary period, from December until April, in surroundings popularized in fiction under the all-inclusive and descriptive caption of "the frozen north."

The streets of the city itself are but sparsely populated, and the only by a hurrying few intent on reaching a warm home where fur coats and caps may be thawed out before a cheery wood fire in a beneficent Finnish tile stove.

Even the broad Esplanade is almost empty, and the only sound to echo through the sharp air is the bright tinkle of the bells on a "droshky" as it glides smoothly and rapidly over the snow, or the deep guttural warbling of the driver, as his horse makes a sharp turn at some corner.

The droshkies themselves, reminiscent of Russia, still strike the most picturesque note in the life of Helsinki. This old method of transportation by sleigh has successfully battled against the competition of the taxicab.

Although the Helsinki winter is milder than one might imagine from the situation as the most northernmost city in the world, the city nevertheless has an abundant share of snow, particularly during the first three months of the year, when there is hardly a day without a fall of white flakes.

How They Clear the Snow.

A street-cleaning system which is a marvel of efficiency and speed comes with this situation. Every person owning a home, apartment or office building is responsible not only for the cleanliness of the sidewalk in front of his property, but also for the removal of the snow from that part of the street on which his building fronts.

Every property owner may either engage private firms to keep clean his portion of the public thoroughfare or may pay to the municipal authorities a fixed sum, thus shifting the entire responsibility to the shoulders of the city street-cleaning department.

Law violation in the respect is almost unknown. An hour after a heavy snowfall a force of men and women is at work on every street, rapidly shoveling the snow into low, like alleys, which are then driven to the harbor, where their loads are dumped.

In addition to the method mentioned, a far more interesting plan of snow removal is followed. On the more important streets the snow is literally forced, or melted, by machines which originated in Finland and which have since found a market in other countries. These machines are fired with logs, while three men shovel the snow into a large hopper, and as fast as it is added to the hopper it melts and the water runs through an outlet into the gutter and down a drain.

Helsinki to winter is for the most part quiet and subdued, while and ghostlike, austere and forbidding. Yet it has its moments of relaxation. On Sundays, particularly, one emerges from his home to find a world on his feet. Men have abandoned the stiff and formal walk to glide, gracefully and lightly, over the snow-covered streets of the harbor to the islands that fringe the city in every direction.

Occasionally in large parties, but more often in couples or alone, every one is sitting, this is the favorite sport, although the dominant one. There is skating on the large public rinks in the harbor, and there are applied ice-hockey contests. Even automobile races are staged on the

ice. In the evening the restaurants, with dancing, the opera and the movies, all draw an appreciable patronage from the city's population.

### When Summer Comes.

The transition from winter to spring, and from spring to summer, is something startling to an outsider, for a new world seems to be created under his eyes almost overnight. He has welcomed the first warm days of early April, watched with a feverish joy the melting of the snow, and has developed a somewhat foolish obsession that makes him count every trickling stream which forecasts the disappearance of the crust of ice from street and sidewalk. And then it has snowed again, and the thought of spring dwindles to a forlorn hope.

In a like manner, the rapid lengthening of the days loses much of its meaning, for there is still a sharp tang to the air morning and evening. Yet this constant flood of light, prolonged through the greater part of every 24 hours, has an unceasing effect upon the trees, grass, and foliage.

For one night, after watching the sun set about eight o'clock, you will go to bed longing for a climate that would afford a relief from a continually gloomy, dreary, and bleak outlook. And you will awake to find that spring has arrived unheralded; that the trees show a tinge of green, and that the grass is actually trying its way through the blanket of snow.

Patches of warm earth appear in the parks, a few venturesome individuals ride to their work on bicycles, the ice in the harbor loses its steadfast aspect, office managers order the removal of double windows—spring has come to Finland.

Within the next few days all the customs of winter make an inglorious retreat. The cobble streets gleam naked under the sun's rays and the droshky drivers consult their sleighs to storage and appear, jauntily flourishing their whips, in high-wheeled carriages strangely reminiscent of the old victoria. One feels that in order to make a proper journey in this vehicle, cheering crowds should line the streets and force a dignified rider to bow at intervals of some seconds.

The ice pack in the harbor finally disappears altogether, the first vessel of the year steams in, and Finland's short spring gives way to summer. A cool summer, it is true, and often a rainy one, but summer for all, with endless outdoor life, endless daylight, and endless merrymaking.

Open-Air Market.

Probably no activity in Helsinki is more interesting to the summer visitor than the open air market every morning on the broad square near the South harbor. Daily, before the average city dweller is awake, the peasants drive to their native carts from the nearby country with fruit, vegetables, meat and fish, flowers, dry goods, household utensils, and every other conceivable article of domestic commerce.

These peasants, chiefly women, rapidly set up small booths or stalls in the place assigned them by the police, and for four hours they ply a busy and extensive trade with the city housewives who really come to purchase vegetables and meat and depart with the inevitable armful of flowers as well.

Meanwhile other vendors who have made the journey to Helsinki in small sailboats group their craft around the landing stage and draw their customers from the outskirts of the boating throng.

Helsinki is quiet at night, but once that impression in the early evening is of a changing crowd on the Esplanade, of a brilliant national costume flitting beside the brilliant uniform of an officer or the drab outfit of a private soldier.

And these couples—for the mass seems composed only of couples—all turn for one last round of coffee and sweet cakes toward an outdoor cafe, where they revel in the strains of one of the fifty military bands which is playing a late American fox trot.

## SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. W. J. MacKay, W. M.; Fred B. Merrill, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Grace Philbrook, W. M.; Mrs. Emma Van Den Kerckhoven, Sec.

MT. ABRAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. A. S. Silver, N. G.; D. M. Forbes, Secretary.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Mrs. Alice Littlehale, N. G.; Miss Olive Austin, Secretary.

SUDBURY LODGE, No. 22, K. of P., meets in Grange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. H. C. Howe, C. C.; N. C. Machia, K. of R. and S.

NACOMI TEMPLE, No. 68, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month at Grange Hall. Mrs. Mildred Lowell, M. E. C.; Mrs. Heister Sanborn, M. of R. and C.

BROWN POST, No. 84, G. A. R., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. H. Hutchinson, Commander; I. C. Jordan, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

BROWN, W. R. C., No. 36, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Lottie Inman, President; Mrs. Lillie Durbank, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDT POST, No. 81, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its rooms. J. M. Harrington, Commander; Lloyd Luxton, Adjutant.

COL. C. S. EDWARDS CAMP, No. 72, S. OF V., meets first and third Thursdays of each month in the Legion rooms. Perry Lapham, Commander; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

BETHEL GRANGE, No. 56, P. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. Zeeva Merrill, M.; Eva W. Hastings, Secretary.

Parent-Teachers' Association, Meeting 2nd Monday of each month at Grammar School during school year. Pres., Miss Gwendolyn Godwin; Secretary, Mrs. Eugene Vandenberg.

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their hall every Fri-  
A. S. Silver, N. G.; D.  
retary.

BEKAH LODGE, No. 75,  
meets in Odd Fellows  
and third Monday eve-  
month. Mrs. Alice Lit-  
Miss Olive Austin,

LODGE, No. 22, K. of  
ange Hall the first and  
of each month. H. C.  
N. G. Machia, K. of

TEMPLE, No. 68,  
ERS, meets the se-  
Wednesday evenings  
at Grange Hall. Mrs.  
M. E. C.; Mrs. Hes-  
of R. and C.

ST, No. 84, G. A. R.,  
meets the first and  
Thursday of each  
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an, Adjutant; L. N.

R. C., No. 36, meets  
Hall the second and  
evenings of each  
tchinson, President;  
bank, Secretary.

MUNDT POST, No.  
LEGION, meets the  
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oms. J. M. Harring,  
Lloyd Luxton, Ad-

OWARDS CAMP, NO.  
meets first and third  
each month in the  
erry Lapham, Com-  
Brown, Secretary.

ANGE, No. 56, P. of  
elf hall the first and  
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# Porto Bello Gold

by Arthur D. Howden Smith

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## CHAPTER XII—Continued

If Murray's last words were intended to stimulate Flint's cupidly sneer, he succeeded. "How—how much?" he asked, almost fearfully.

"Seven hundred and sixty-three thousand, nine hundred and ninety-five pounds in coin and bullion, without counting a chest of jewels and three chests of plate," replied my great-uncle promptly. "You will note that I have favored our people in the division, allotting to them all in excess of the million and a half pounds the Santissima Trinidad was expected to carry."

A cunning look crept into Flint's face.

"Where's the rest?" he croaked. My great-uncle took snuff.

"Quite safely disposed of, I assure you," he answered.

"Down below?"

"No, 'tis no longer aboard."

Flint swallowed hard.

"You mean it ain't here? It ain't aboard the James?"

"Precisely, captain."

"Gut me!" roared Flint. "Ye divided it by your lones? W'out a min from the Walrus to stand by and see fair play? I'll not support it, Murray. Curse me if I will! I know your tricks! May I be — for a —

— if any lousy swab of a sea-lawyer politician is a-goin' to cast dust in my eyes. 'Twould be the very thing you'd do, Murray, to attempt to cozen me into believing seven hundred thousand pounds had been set aside for your friends by throwing in an extra hundred thousand pounds for our division. 'Friends!' By thunder, the only friend ye know is yourself, ye cried-up wisp of a —"

"That will do," said my great-uncle in his still, level voice.

Flint opened and shut his mouth rapidly without a sound issuing forth.

"I bar personalities, captain," warned my great-uncle relative.

"One hand barely touched his sword-hilt."

"I trust there will be no occasion for me to repeat the warning," he remarked.

Flint's baffled rage was toxic to behold.

"Aye, you and your fine gentleman ways," he choked. "I know ye, but me if I'll support it to be swindled thus. A woman and strangers aboard. And eight hundred thousand pounds missing! 'Safely disposed of,' says you! I'll warrant, safe where you can collar it any time you please. I knowed it as soon as I marked the flutter of a petticoat. A woman and gold —"

Long John Silver swung himself up on to the poop from the head of the port ladder and stamped toward us.

"I hopes as how ye'll overlook my boldness, Cap'n Murray, but I h'n a word to speak to Cap'n Flint—fo'csle counsel, sir."

My great-uncle took another pinch of snuff.

"Ah, yes," he observed dryly. "I recall that aboard the Walrus the fo'csle counsel must be heard. I trust that you can instill some common sense into your captain's head. He hath need of it, Silver."

Flint glared, but Silver snatched whatever reply he intended out of his mouth.

"Thank ye, sir. You just let me an' Cap'n Flint ha' a word in private, and maybe we'll see a way out o' this tangle."

"Suff yourself," said my great-uncle with a shrug.

Silver pulled his forelock, and his large face lighted up as if a considerable favor had been conferred.

"We won't be no time at all, sir. Thank 'ee kindly."

He put his free hand under Flint's elbow, and I marveled to see the ease with which he was able to bend his captain to his will. Astonished as it was to Murray's autocratic discipline, it was a revelation to establish contact again with the free and easy spirit of the Walrus, where any man might become commander if he was able to master a majority of the fo'csle to raise cutlasses in his behalf. Flint obediently followed his quarter-master to the starboard side of the poop, and there they told their heads close and colloquied for a quarter-glass. Silver at first arguing and Flint resisting him.

"Silver is no man to let hard on four hundred thousand pounds slip through his hands," I said.

"And maybe he says not to let eight hundred thousand pounds get away, neither," commented Peter. "Ja, I think so."

Murray nodded slowly.

"You ate more like to be right than wrong, friend Peter. Of all the Walrus people he hath the most acute intelligence. A choice knave!"

Colonel O'Donnell stalked back to us from the extremity of the stern with Molra on his arm.

"Did ye put a flea in the rascal's ear, Murray?" he demanded. "By the Mass, I never thought to hear ye tolerate such impudence on your own deck."

"I am no man for quarreling with-out an adequate end in sight," returned my great-uncle. "Never threaten, unless you must, chevalier, and then speak with a sure aim."

"Words!" growled the Irishman.

"Tis time we had a little action."

Molra disengaged herself from her father and came to stand between Peter and me.

"Ree, Bob! There's the red-headed boy still making signals to you on the tarbo'-ladder!"

Darby McGraw's flaming top-knot projected just far enough above the level of the deck to show his eyes and a hand that jerked mysteriously at me.

"Come up, Darby," I invited him. But he shook his head vigorously, so I crossed to his side.

"What is ailing you?" I asked.

"Sorra a trouble in the whole of creation," he returned in his rich brogue. "But I'd walk my two feet over the galley-stove as soon as stand so near the old devil as yourself, Master Bob."

"He's no more to be feared than Flint," I answered, laughing.

"Ah, there's little ye know to be saying a thing like that!" exclaimed Darby. "With Flint 'tis a blow and a curse and 'take it or leave it'! But him! He'd put the evil eye on the lot of us if he notion but came into the head of him."

"I'd rather be his friend than his enemy," I admitted. "Do they fear him so aboard the Walrus?"

Darby squinted sideways at me.

"Philes they fear him. And then again when the rum is flowing— But I'll be saying what maybe I'll be sorry for later. I see ye found the elegant young maul that went to the Whale's Head with ye. My faith, ain't she the pretty creature! Will she be a pirate, too?"

"No more than Peter and me."

"Do ye tell me that same! And ye took her along with the treasure, the lads do be saying below. That was the grand haul! But they say, too, a good half of it ye buried on that Island Long John do be always slinging about."

"So you have heard that?" I cried.

"Troth, yes. They was telling Long John and me before he come up to speak with Cap'n Flint. God save us, who'd think there was so much money in the world? But here come John and the cap'n now. I'd better be skipping."

He slid down the ladder as he spoke, and I rejoined the group about my great-uncle. Flint strode across the deck, his face like a thunder-cloud. Silver, at his elbow, exhibited a countenance wreathed in smiles.

"We'll divide what's below," said Flint abruptly.

"I rejoice that you have come to your senses," replied Murray.

Silver spoke up.

"He's a main jealous cap'n, Cap'n Flint is, sir. Altho' has a lookout for the interests of his crew. A kind o' garden for us, ye might say. But we're all mighty beholden to yourself for counting in the Walrus same as the James; and speaking on behalf o' the Walrus, I make bold to say as we won't forget it, Cap'n Murray, sir."

My great-uncle listened to this with the shadow of a smile on his face.

"I thank you, Silver," he acknowledged blandly. "I was confident you would appreciate the situation. Will you divide at once, Flint?"

Flint growled in his throat, then mastered his temper by a substantial effort.

"We'll appoint the usual committee o' six to check over with your men, Murray," he rasped. "I'll send my boats to shift our portion."

And he turned on his heel. John Silver stamped off to the ladder and hopped lightly down to the maindeck after his commander.

## CHAPTER XIII

### Treachery

The candles burned with a steady spear-shaped flame, undeviating, motionless, so that the shadows were cast upon the paneling of the cabin walls in solid blocks like strokes of a darker coloring in the colored wood-work. The air was so still that we could hear the sea-birds calling down the inlet, the seeth and suck of water about the rudder, the splash of a fish, the patter of the feet of the watch.

My great-uncle, for want of other diversion, had undertaken to teach Peter to play chess, with some satirical advice and comment from the Irishman; and to my amusement—as likewise to Murray's, I must admit—Peter proved himself a most redoubtable tyro, and once he had been coached in the rudiments presented a shrewd defensive gambit.

"Check at last!" exclaimed my relative, sinking back in his chair—of the four of us, he alone wore coat and stock and still contrived to maintain an air of cool waiting in that humid atmosphere. "You pushed me, Peter. Stop me, but you did! I'd not like to match my game with yours six months from now. Had you developed your queen's knight eight moves back— But 'tis futile to argue concerning what might have been. As well seek to prognosticate the future of our own lives."

Peter giggled and muttered that he was no good, need.

"I would we might say, 'Check!' in this weary cell we are caught in," growled O'Donnell. "I see not that we are any farther forward with your confederate yonder."

He waved his hand out of the stern window.

"They carried away their four hundred thousand pounds, but every man of them was as glum in the face as though 'twas so many badens instead of a pirate's ransom. St. Patrick! When I think of what four hundred

thousand pounds would do with the English parliamentmen that will be selling their souls to whoever bids them the highest!"

"We have paid a price, chevalier," returned my great-uncle. "If we receive what we purchased, well and good. If not—"

He spread out his hands in deprecation.

"I am bound to concede, however, that I do not augur the best from what little information we have to go upon. Have you noted, gentlemen, that still as is the night, we hear no sounds of carousing aboard the Walrus?"

"Was true, and had been true since the last boatload of treasure was transferred to Flint's ship shortly after dusk."

"You think he will fight then?" I asked from my seat under the stern windows, whence I could see the lights of the Walrus, dimly yellow in the thick, velvety, tropic darkness.

"I hope he will fight, my dear nephew," my great-uncle corrected me. "I fear Captain Flint has out-lived his usefulness to me, and if my fears are well founded the sooner we can smash him the better I shall be pleased. But I make it a rule never to think on the possibilities of the future. Rather I prepare for whatever eventualities may arise and let it go at that."

"And are ye prepared tonight for treachery if this fellow Flint will be turning upon ye?" demanded O'Donnell.

Murray indulged himself with a pinch of snuff.

"Within reason, chevalier, yes. We have a strict watch, and the battery hath been cast loose and provided."

He slid down the ladder as he spoke, and I rejoined the group about my great-uncle. Flint strode across the deck, his face like a thunder-cloud. Silver, at his elbow, exhibited a countenance wreathed in smiles.

"We'll divide what's below," said Flint abruptly.

"I rejoice that you have come to your senses," replied Murray.

Silver spoke up.

"He's a main jealous cap'n, Cap'n Flint is, sir. Altho' has a lookout for the interests of his crew. A kind o' garden for us, ye might say. But we're all mighty beholden to yourself for counting in the Walrus same as the James; and speaking on behalf o' the Walrus, I make bold to say as we won't forget it, Cap'n Murray, sir."

My great-uncle listened to this with the shadow of a smile on his face.

"I thank you, Silver," he acknowledged blandly. "I was confident you would appreciate the situation. Will you divide at once, Flint?"

Flint growled in his throat, then mastered his temper by a substantial effort.

"We'll appoint the usual committee o' six to check over with your men, Murray," he rasped. "I'll send my boats to shift our portion."

And he turned on his heel. John Silver stamped off to the ladder and hopped lightly down to the maindeck after his commander.

"Thank ye, sir. You just let me an' Cap'n Flint ha' a word in private, and maybe we'll see a way out o' this tangle."

"Suff yourself," said my great-uncle with a shrug.

Silver pulled his forelock, and his large face lighted up as if a considerable favor had been conferred.

"We won't be no time at all, sir. Thank 'ee kindly."

He put his free hand under Flint's elbow, and I marveled to see the ease with which he was able to bend his captain to his will. Astonished as it was to Murray's autocratic discipline, it was a revelation to establish contact again with the free and easy spirit of the Walrus, where any man might become commander if he was able to master a majority of the fo'csle to raise cutlasses in his behalf. Flint obediently followed his quarter-master to the starboard side of the poop, and there they told their heads close and colloquied for a quarter-glass. Silver at first arguing and Flint resisting him.

"Silver is no man to let hard on four hundred thousand pounds slip through his hands," I said.

"And maybe he says not to let eight hundred thousand pounds get away, neither," commented Peter. "Ja, I think so."

Murray nodded slowly.

"You ate more like to be right than wrong, friend Peter. Of all the Walrus people he hath the most acute intelligence. A choice knave!"

Colonel O'Donnell stalked back to us from the extremity of the stern with Molra on his arm.

"Did ye put a flea in the rascal's ear, Murray?" he demanded. "By the Mass, I never thought to hear ye tolerate such impudence on your own deck."

"I am no man for quarreling with-out an adequate end in sight," returned my great-uncle. "Never threaten, unless you must, chevalier, and then speak with a sure aim."

"Words!" growled the Irishman.

"Tis time we had a little action."

Molra disengaged herself from her father and came to stand between Peter and me.

"Ree, Bob! There's the red-headed boy still making signals to you on the tarbo'-ladder!"

der water when it makes waves, but quiet it is nice."

My great-uncle smiled in the dwindling light.

"I should be a hypocrite as well as a fool, did I refuse your offer, gentlemen," he said. "Tis not only our own lives are at stake, but Mistress Molra's too."

A groan came from O'Donnell.

"Ah, didn't I tell ye the way we would be left to the mercy of your outthrusts and latch-drawers, Murray? And now 'tis yourself, must admit it! A sorry business it is, and I wish to God I'd never heard your name or gone forth of Spain."

Murray himself blew out the last candle.

"Well, well, chevalier," he answered a little tartly. "Forth of Spain you went, and aboard the Royal James you are, and the one hope of life you have is that you stay aboard the Royal James—and this is saying naught of the obligations we owe to your friends on the other side."

Peter's great bulk glided by us. "I go get a rope," he squeaked.

"A rope?" hiccuped O'Donnell. "And we don't don't don't the noose of a rope, we'll likely be walking the plank. I care little for myself. I'll have seen my life and had my fling. But it was an ill day, Murray, you prevailed on me to fetch Molra along. I can't think what was in your mind—a young maid in a pirate hold! 'Tis wicked past belief."

"Tut, tut," remonstrated my great-uncle. "My reasons were of the best, and have been vindicated by events. But here is Peter. You found the rope?"

"Ja," answered Peter, and knotted an end around a leg of the table as I had done the night of our surreptitious entry.

O'Donnell sought police in a glass of brandy. Murray assisted Peter and me to undress, and accompanied us to the stern windows.

"No needless risks, remember," he whispered as I crawled over the sill. "And above all, avoid discovery. Better learn nothing than be found out."

I had wrapped my ankles around the pendant rope and was prepared for a cautious slide into the water when a faint chuckle escaped him.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was but thinking what a sturdy pirate you are become."

He withdrew his head before I could answer, and I dropped into the tepid water, with care that there should be no splash. An instant later Peter was beside me, and we began to swim with long, slow strokes in the direction of the Walrus, so im palpable was the texture of that breathless night. There was not even a star in the sky—and the sky itself was invisible.

The hull of the pirate ship did not take shape until we were under the sheer of the stern. A single, guttering lantern seemed to burn in the main cabin, which was tenanted, and we paralleled the starboard side, attracted by a hum of voices forward.

Peter's hand on my shoulder detained me as we swam beneath the heel of the bowsprit.

"Here you climb up," he breathed in my ear. "They are all on her deck. I think dey smoke der pipe in council, ja."

I trod water, and explored with both hands above my head.

"There's no rope within reach," I told him.

"Don't all right. I lift you."

He was clutching the cutwater with both hands and bracing his feet against the swell of the bow.

"Come on," he urged. "Up on to my shoulders. I hold you, ja."

"But if we splash?"

"We don't splash. You go up; I go down under der water. In't all?"

I forced myself of him and gingerly climbed his immense shoulders, using a grip on his hair for balace. Then I reached overhead again, and this time got my hands upon a stay of the bowsprit which ran from mid-way of the spar to a turnbuckle on the bow.

Two Arabian men were visiting on a farm and they sat under a high apple tree.

One of them was complimenting the Creator on His wisdom and the other was criticizing the Almighty because he thought that God did not create things in a balanced manner. And so he said to his friend to convince him of his side of the argument: "Look up here at this large and high apple tree and over there is a tiny water-melon and which produces a large fruit that weighs ten or twenty pounds. Now I should think if things are created in a just, equal and harmonious manner then the big tree will produce a large fruit and a small seed or plant will produce a small fruit, but instead it is the reverse and things are unbalanced in the human family."

Murray's wonderful, tawny eyes settled upon my face.

"Aye, it could be done," he agreed. "But there is danger, lad. 'Tis a still night. You can hear the fish leap!"

"And Flint's people keep a slovenly watch," I replied. "Not Peter and I are good swimmers. We'll not make a sound."

Peter commenced to blow out the candles.

"Ja," he said. "Me, I don't like

"Steady," I whispered. "I'm going to jump."

I threw my legs upward and twined them around the stay hanging like a monkey from it, and Peter went under with a gurgling ripple which might have been made by a fish. Presently he came to the surface and swam beneath me.

"Can you climb, Bob?"

"I think so."

"Good! I waldit."

The stay was fortunately dry—had it been slippery-wet I could never have swarmed it—and I was able, after much effort, to secure a grip on the bowsprit and lift myself astraddle of it. I worked down the bowsprit to the lift of the bows; but still I could see nothing, even on the fo'csle. 'Twas plain, however, that there was no watch to fear, and I dropped to the deck and crawled aft on my hands and knees toward the hum of talk, which I made certain now came from the waist.

The fo'csle was littered with spare cables, water-casks and other such truck, which I had to avoid displacing; but I had my reward, for as I advanced the hum of voices dissolved into words and phrases.

"—a foxy 'un, Murray is," said a seaman's voice.

"And the James fellers'll fight us, whatever 'ee say," added a second. "O' course they will!"

"This was Silver's unmistakable oily speech."

"Who wouldn't fight for the grandest fortune as any gentleman adventures ever had a chance at?"

I wriggled behind a chase-gun, and peered over its breech into the waist. Two battle-lanterns were suspended from the mainyard, and their yellow glare revealed the Walrus' crew squatted in aerated ranks around the butt of the mainmast, where Flint, Bones, Silver and several others sat on up-turned rum-barrels.

Flint leaned forward, wrathfully insistent, as I propped myself against a trunnion.







## THE J. E. JONES LETTER

WASHINGTON--THE OLD ANI

**NEW**

The Duke of Buckingham is credited

th having observed that

'Nature's chief masterpiece is w

ing well."

For a number of years I have been

ting about, and from the Capital

events. Mystery filled the air! The whole thing was unreal and almost unanny. But it represented the way the old-time bosses worked to keep the public "buffaloed," as they used to say is those days.

Today, the Washington that stretches out before the vision is a lively, hustling, bustling city, from which the pompous, bluffing plutocratic politician has departed to make room for the up-to-date men and women. Washington

has emerged from Capital ruled by apple-sauce tactics and "screwing down the screws" into a practical, commonsense, commercial Capital and city. Under the new system it is true that politics are rather hard-boiled, and that politicians remain slippery. But there is a tendency to have everything open and above board, no master how bad the scheme may look, or sound. The

## Constitutional Amendment Question to be Voted upon September 13, 1926

Those in favor of the following constitutional amendment will place a cross (X) in the square marked "Yes"; those opposed will place a cross (X) in the square marked "No."

**YES**

NO

"Sec. 1. On and after January first, nineteen hundred and thirty-one, all moneys raised by taxation in the towns and cities for the support of public schools, and all moneys which may be appropriated by the state for the support of common schools shall be applied to, and expended in, no other schools than those which are conducted according to law, under the order and superintendence of the authorities of the said towns and cities."

[illegible]

List of Candidates to be voted for at the State Election, September 13, 1920, in the  
 COUNTY OF OXFORD

Penalty for willful defacement, tearing down or destroying a list of candidates or a specimen ballot, five to one hundred dollars fine.

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[illegible]







## THREE HOURS' WORK A DAY

By LUCILE WARRINGTON

(By W. G. Chapman.)

"HOW do we schedule, Mark?" "Half a meal ticket, lodgings paid up to Saturday night, cash, one penny."

"Very good," said Vance Byford, with a somewhat of a serious face, how-  
"Give me the penny."  
"Going to make an investment?"

"Yes."

"What is?" queried Mark Early, skeptically. "Central preferred or Highland debentures?"

"Neither. I'm going to buy a newspaper and see if there are any what-its to change our luck."

Dubious luck it was, for a fact. Here were two bright fellows who had come to the big city to make their fortunes. They had filled in several brief positions, had run the gamut of experience from shipping clerks to members of a "movie" group. Now they were stranded completely.

Mark was bright and cheery and Vance was bright and energetic in fighting the fate of idleness and idleness that had nearly overcome them like an armored man.

"Hello!" ejaculated Vance suddenly, and with some satisfaction, scanning the "Help Wanted" column of the newspaper he had bought.

"What now?" queried Mark.

"Listen," and Vance proceeded to read: "Wanted—A presentable, active young man of some imagination and good facial expression. Liberal compensation. Mrs. A., 537 Hawthorn terrace."

"Well, I vum!" exclaimed Mark. "Now what in the world does that mean? What has presentableness, imagination and facial expression to do in an every-day, practical job?"

"It's odd enough to deserve attention," said Vance, seriously. "A woman, too. Can it be a model she wants?"

"I should say an actor," suggested Mark.

"Well, I shall try for the position," announced Vance.

"You will?" challenged Mark, somewhat dubiously.

"Why not?"

"It says 'presentable'!" and Mark Early shook his head gloomily, as he held up and down his companion, whose attire, while well fitting, bore the threadbare marks of long usage.

"Oh, I'll fix that all right!" declared Vance lightly. "I've saved turning this last clean collar I've got on for just this occasion. I'll retire beyond these bushes in the park yonder, make my toilet and give things a try. Meet me at the lodging house tonight and report success."

"Our failure," supplemented Mark, and went his way, himself scanning the newspaper now.

The Hawthorn terrace address proved to be a fine mansion set in a charming nest of greenery and flowers. Vance adopted his best bearing. He had handsome features and a well-combed form to recommend him to the housemaid, who showed him into a little room of a reception room, saying she would take word to "Mrs. Arlington."

At once, Vance appropriated a easy chair and took in the warmth and comfort of the room luxuriously. He reminded him of home. He arose to inspect a little bijou of a water-closet on the wall. He strolled about the apartment, taking in the richness and taste of the hangings. He ran a nervous eye over a well-selected shelf of books. Then a drapery parted and in active, nervous lady of perhaps fifty faced him with keen eyes and a quizzical smile.

"You came about the advertisement," she spoke rapidly. "Well, I think you will do."

"Oh, my madam!" began Vance, startled at this speedy decision.

"Oh, I have been watching you, and I am sure you will suit. You know how to walk and posture, and I can see possibilities of expression in your eyes. I shall need your services from now to twelve each day. The compensation will be fifty dollars a week."

Vance gave a gasp. "First, I will introduce you to my maid, my adopted daughter, Rilla," and she called loudly.

Vance felt as though he had stumbled across some scene of enchantment. Fifty dollars a week? Three hours' work a day! A fellow worker, Rilla!

And then "Rilla" came into the room. She seemed to bring with her the radiance of a rare beauty, an atmosphere of roses, smiles and those commingled, his senses dazzled as he looked upon this vision of love.

She was two to be his special companion," explained Mrs. Arlington, while Vance grew awkward and the young lady blushed, as they were to be dressed after Vance had murmured his name. "You see, Mr. Byford, I am an actress. They call me the Impresario type. I am well grounded in theories and the plot quantity, but deficient as to details. I first thought of employing an actor and an actress, but they would be rather naturalness is what I want. For instance: I am now at the fourth chapter of a novel where the young broker finds himself ruined, comes to his room to be alone, and spends an unhappy hour deciding what he should do. You need not speak. Just move about and act out what you would do under these circumstances. You can be seated, Rilla. You are to appear

later as his sister endeavoring to drive away the desperate thoughts that come into his mind."

"Oh, excellent! excellent!" went on the speaker a few moments later, as Vance began his unique role. "He snatched close the draperies like a being at last at bay. A fine line! 'He sat pondering deeply at his desk, anon casting a desolate glance at its riot surroundings, his no more! I knew you would do. I am truly fortunate!'"

Within a few days Vance was in rapport with his peculiar position. Then the experience grew more interesting. Rilla had her part in the pantomime of suggestion, alone and in conjunction with Vance. There were some vivid love scenes to depict. They became all too real to Vance Byford. The prosperous times had brought a vast change in his appearance. He was able now to dress well. He looked at his best and Rilla was interested in him.

One evening he met his friend Mark, who had also found work, just outside the Arlington grounds. They halted near the vine-covered wall, little dreaming that Rilla on the other side was an auditor.

"Why so gloomy, Vance?" inquired Mark, noting the downcast demeanor of his friend.

Then Vance told his troubles. He was going to give up his position. And wherefore? Rilla. Every time in their play acting when their hands met, Vance confessed to a fervent, unstrained impulse to clasp her in his arms and confess his undying love.

It was the next morning when Vance and Rilla sat awaiting promptings as to some scene from Mrs. Arlington. Something new in the eyes of Rilla attracted Vance. His hand stole toward her own, her eyes met his.

"Excellent! Maintain that, please," spoke the authoress, her pen travelling rapidly. "Oh, indeed?"

She sat up rigid, staring with censorious eyes at the twain. Their attitude showed not acting, but real love.

"I think that we will end your services, Mr. Byford," she said, icily, but after he had gone gloomily from the house Rilla sobbed, brokenly:

"It was not play acting, mamma—I love him and I shall die if he goes away!"

So, to "save the life" of her cherished darling, Mrs. Arlington relented.

Communist Colony in Louisiana a Failure

Decaying cabins, the remnants of what once was a thriving communist utopia, may be seen today six miles north of Minden, La.

The decrepit houses squat in a little group on a slight incline, rubbing elbows in communist amiableness. No one lives in them, but on the crest of the hill is the home of C. P. Kroise, a wiry little man with faraway eyes and a cultured voice. In the right mood, he will tell the story of Germantown.

In 1930 there lived in the duchy of Darmstadt a count, Maximilian de Leon, and a beautiful girl who possessed more wealth than anyone else in all Hesse. But the girl was not of the aristocracy and when the two married the families of blood frowned.

The count, stung by the ostracism that followed, selected 300 German Socialists determined to set up a state-free utopia. They went first to Pennsylvania and later to Louisiana, establishing a colony at Tronton on the River.

The spring rains sent their houses into the river and swamp fever broke out, so that the colonists moved to the land near what is now Minden, buying the tract for 12½ cents an acre. The count never saw his dreams fulfilled, for he fell victim to fever, but Germantown prospered for a time. Then further attacks of fever reduced the population and finally the settlement was abandoned. New York Sun.

Mosquito Bites Costly

In your household budget, along with the items of grocery and butcher bills, have you figured on the summer expense of mosquito bites? Statisticians who have been following the chain of the buzzing pests, says the Popular Science Monthly, tell us now that every man, woman and child of us paid, on the average, the sum of 51 cents last year just for the privilege of being bitten. The national mosquito bite bill was \$100,000,000. This sum represents the damage done by malaria mosquitoes in bringing on some 3,000,000 cases of chills and fever.

New Electric Fan Idea

An electric fan in which the armature, or rotating coil, is replaced by a simple piece of rock. Is the novel device recently exhibited before the Royal Society in London. The rock was a piece of magnetic mineral called pyrrhotite, which when placed in the field of the magnet rapidly revolves. When loose powders of pyrrhotite were placed in such a field the particles revolved in a direction opposite to that taken by solid particles of the material because of a rolling action on the part of the particles themselves.

Italy's Population Dense

Italy has one of the densest populations in all Europe. It is surpassed only by Great Britain and Belgium. It is calculated to be 40,000,000 at this time and each year about 1,000,000 Italians leave Italy to seek their homes elsewhere. These emigrants travel two lanes, one to America and one to central western Europe. Many of them, after having saved their earnings, return to live in comfort in Italy in their declining years.

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# FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



### Sound Waves

The bureau of standards says there are two methods by which sound waves may be neutralized, namely, by interference two waves are combined in such a way as to produce silence.

It is necessary in doing this to have both sources of sound coupled in some way. This method, however, could not be used to neutralize a sound the source of which is not under control.

The other method of neutralizing sound waves, by absorption, is simply a question of interposing suitable screens of sound-absorbing material. Hair felt is the best sound deadener so far discovered.

### Just a Boy

First Father. Baby was almost several days. No. The parents are not rotten.

### Their Favorite Selections

Question: What do these girls do for fun on the library steps? Answer: Outside reading.

**TEENIE WEENIE'S BUILD SUMMER HOME IN WOODS**

This gigantic pickle barrel at Grand Sable Lake, Mich., is the summer home of William Douglas, creator of the Teenie Weenie. Reid, Murdoch & Co. are the sole distributors of the genuine Teenie Weenie Food Products.

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### Improved Rhetoric

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### Deceiving

"I feel you write these jokes yourself."

## Children Cry for

**Fletcher's CASTORIA**

**MOTHER:**—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food, giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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THE CITY ON THE LAKE!  
The opportunity of a lifetime: Corner store connected with ten room residence; modern improvements, roomy lot; near state road and public wharf on lake; thickly settled neighborhood and no other store near.

I also have desirable homes, building lots, camps and shore property at interesting prices.

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